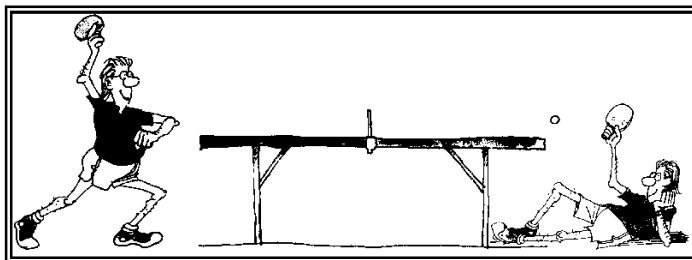


## October 2020

Series 2



Web site: <http://www.tawatabletennis.org.nz>

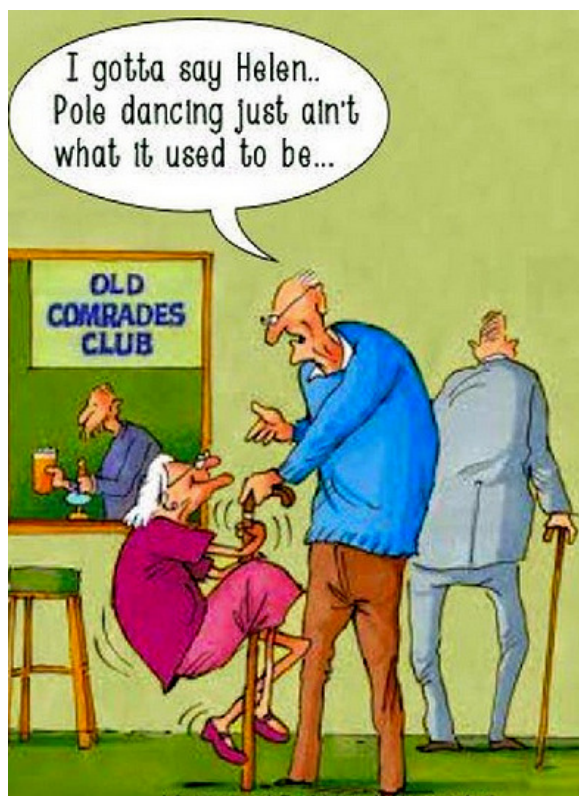
**WARNING!**  
A little  
"risque"  
content



### A Woman's Prayer:

Dear Lord, I pray for: Wisdom to understand a man, to Love and to forgive him, and for patience, for his moods

Because Lord, if I pray for Strength I'll just beat him to death'.



**Breaking News:**  
There were no new cases of disgraced Politicians reported in NZ today.



**LOOK MUMMY-DADDY'S BALLS HAVE GOT LITTLE RED SPOTS ON THEM!**



Patton staggered home very late after another evening with his drinking buddy, Paddy. He took off his shoes to avoid waking his wife, Kathleen.

He tiptoed as quietly as he could toward the stairs leading to their upstairs bedroom, but misjudged the bottom step. As he caught himself by grabbing the banister, his body swung around and he landed heavily on his rump. A whiskey bottle in each back pocket broke and made the landing especially painful.

Managing not to yell, Patton sprung up, pulled down his pants, and looked in the hall mirror to see that his butt cheeks were cut and bleeding. He managed to quietly find a full box of Band-Aids and began putting a Band-Aid as best he could on each place he saw blood.

He then hid the now almost empty Band-Aid box and shuffled and stumbled his way to bed.

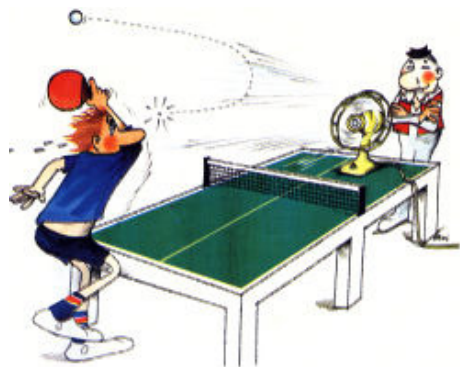
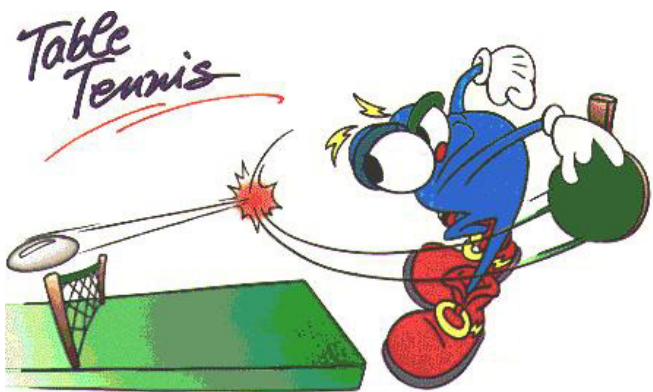
In the morning, Patton woke up with searing pain in both his head and butt and Kathleen staring at him from across the room.

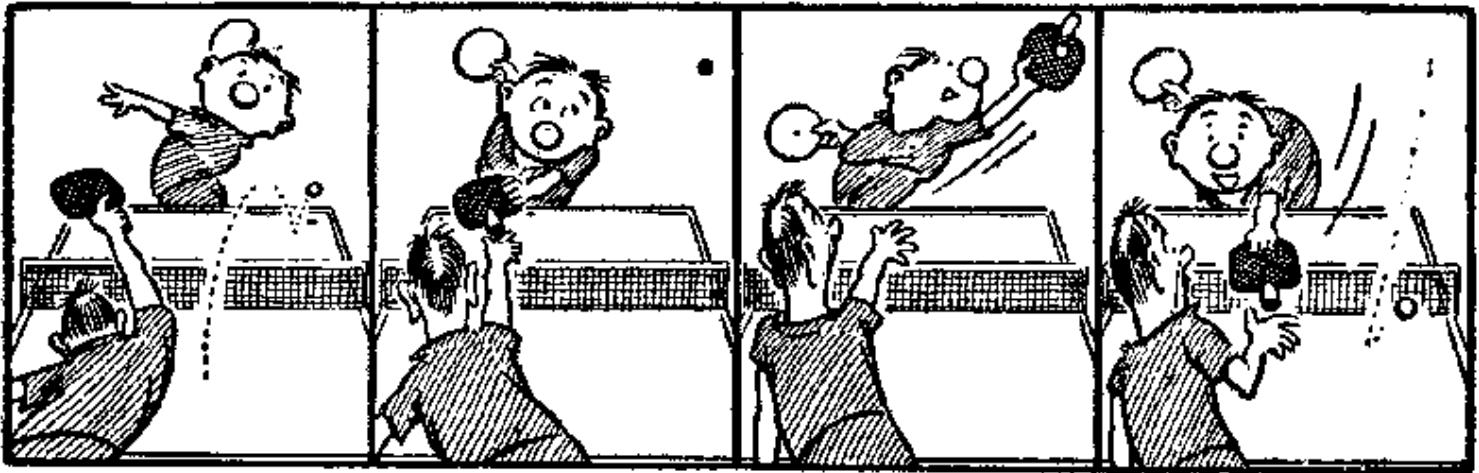
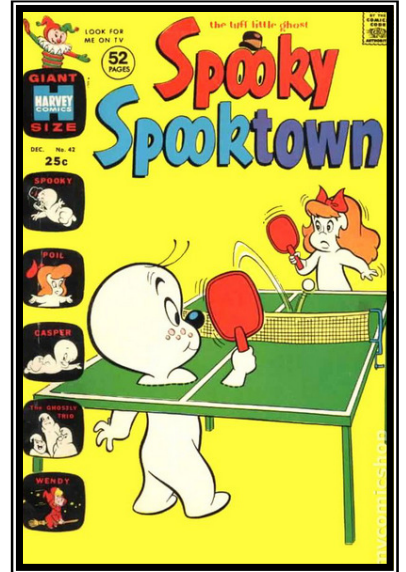
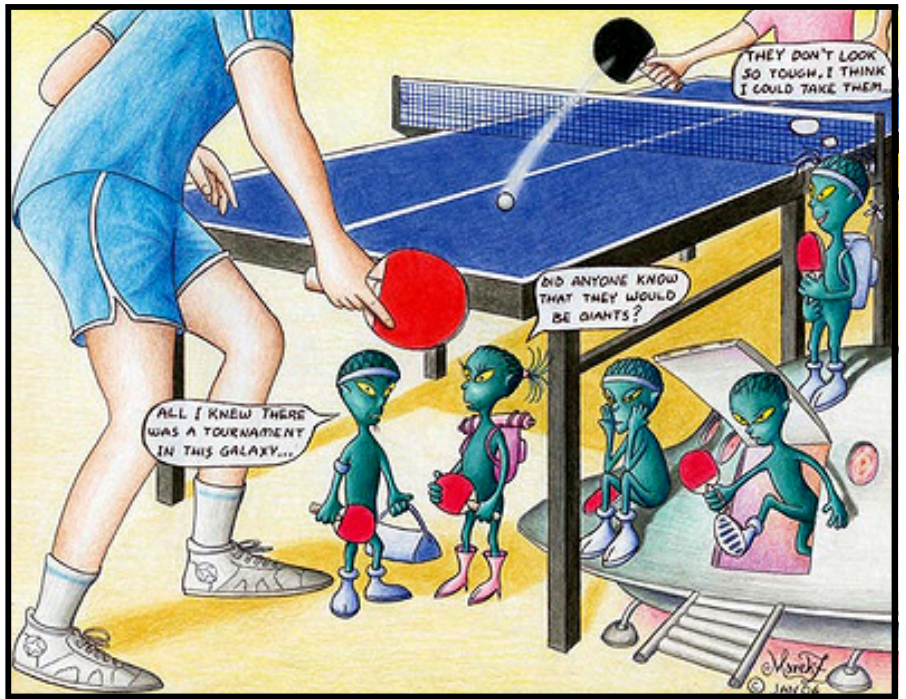
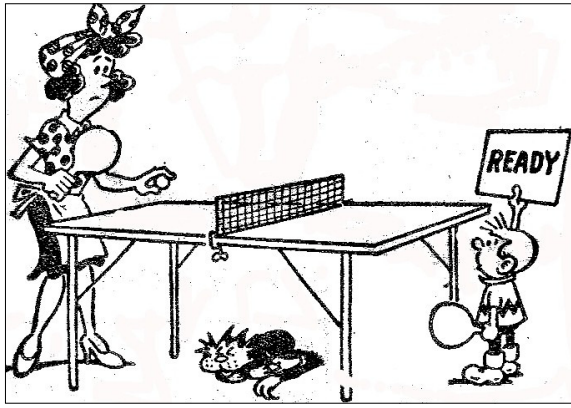
She said, 'You were drunk again last night weren't you?'

Patton said, 'Why you say such a mean thing?'

'Well,' Kathleen said, 'it could be the open front door, it could be the broken glass at the bottom of the stairs, it could be the drops of blood trailing through the house, it could be your bloodshot eyes, but mostly ..... it's all those Band-Aids stuck on the hall mirror.'

A young son asked,  
'Is it true Dad, that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her?'  
Dad replied, 'That happens in every country, son.'







A lady inserted an ad in the classifieds:  
 'Husband Wanted'.  
 Next day she received a  
 hundred letters.  
 They all said the same thing:  
 'You can have mine.'

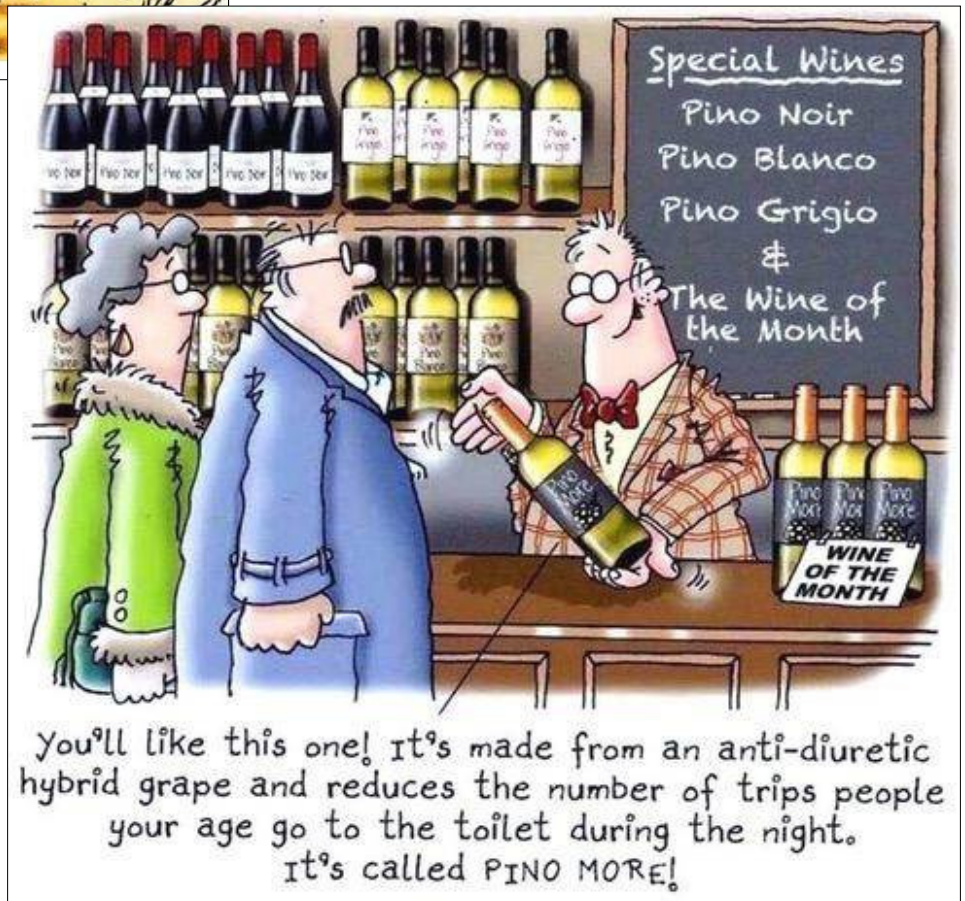
A New York attorney representing a very wealthy art collector called and asked to speak to his client. "Saul, I have some good news and I have some bad news."

The art collector replied, "You know, I've had an awful day, Jack, so let's hear the good news first."

The lawyer said, "Well, I met with your wife today, and she informed me that she has invested only \$500 in two very nice pictures that she thinks will bring somewhere between \$15 and \$20 million ... and I think she could be right."

Saul replied enthusiastically, "Holy cow! Well done! My wife is a brilliant business woman, isn't she? You've just made my day. Now, I know I can handle the bad news. What is it?"

The lawyer replied, "The pictures are of you and your secretary."



Bob and Ralph were fishing on the Irish shoreline when Bob pulled out a cigar.

Finding he had no matches, he asked Ralph for a light.

'Ya, shure, I tink I haff a lighter,' Ralph replied with an Irish accent and then reaching into his tackle box, he pulled out a Bic lighter 10 inches long.

'My God, man!' exclaimed Bob, taking the huge Bic Lighter in his hands. 'Where'd yew git dat monster?'

'Well,' replied Ralph, 'I got it from my Genie.'

'You haff a fecking Genie?' Bob asked.

'Ya, shure. It's right here in my tackle box,' says Ralph.

'Could I see him?'

Ralph opens his tackle box and sure enough, out pops the Genie.

Addressing the Genie, Bob says, 'Hey dere! I'm a good pal of your master. Will you grant me one wish?'

'Yes, I will,' says the Genie.

So Bob asks the Genie for a million bucks.

The Genie disappears back into the tackle box leaving Bob sitting there waiting for his million bucks.

Shortly, the Irish sky darkens and is filled with the sound of a million ducks. Flying directly overhead.

Over the roar of the million ducks Bob yells at Ralph, 'What the hell? I asked for a million bucks, not a million ducks!'

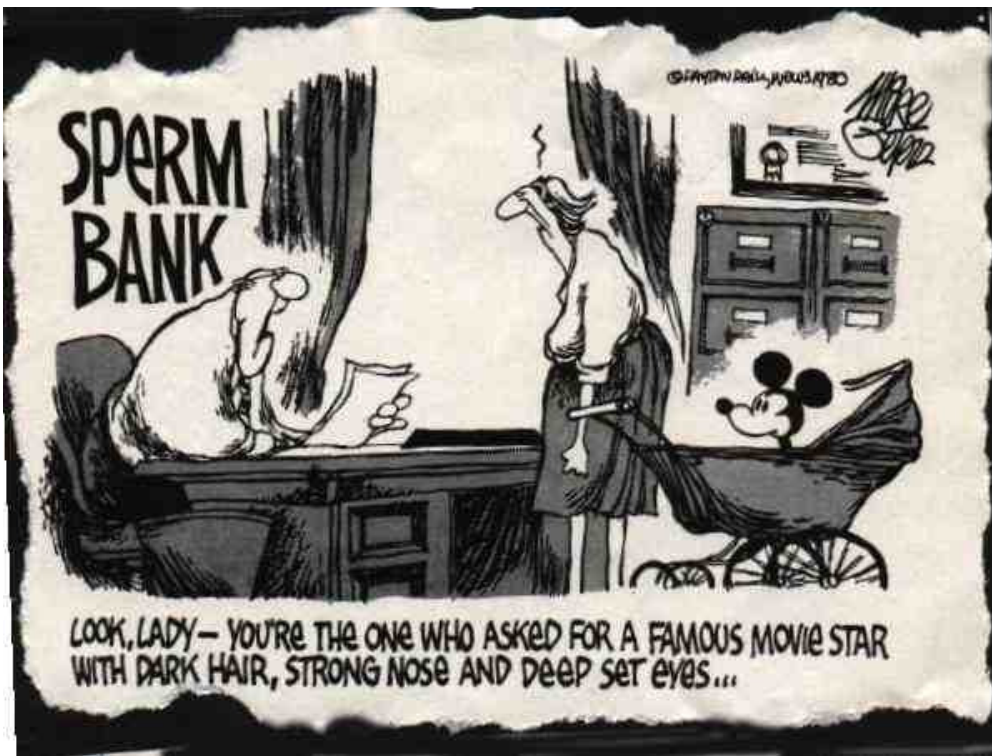
Ralph answers, 'Ya, I forgot to tell yew dat da Genie is hard of hearing. Do yew really tink I asked for a 10 inch Bic?'



"I hope it tastes good. It's for the cat."



"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GRINNING AT?"



A wife asked her husband: 'What do you like most in me, my pretty face or my sexy body?'  
 He looked at her from head to toe and replied: 'I like your sense of humour!'

When a woman steals your husband, there is no better Revenge than to let her keep him.  
 %%%%%%%%%%%  
 A little boy asked his father, 'Daddy, how much does it cost to get married?'  
 Father replied, 'I don't know son, I'm still paying.'



Back on January 9th, a group of HELL'S ANGELS, South Carolina bikers, were riding east on 378 when they saw a girl about to jump off the Pee Dee River Bridge. So they stopped.

George, their leader, a big burly man of 53, gets off his Harley, walks through a group of gawkers, past the State Trooper who was trying to talk her down off the railing, and says "Hey Baby . . . whatcha doin' up there on that railin'?" She says tearfully, "I'm going to commit suicide!

While he didn't want to appear "sensitive," George also didn't want to miss this "be-a-legend" opportunity either so he asked, "Well, before you jump, Babe . . . why don't you give ol' George here your best last kiss?"

So, with no hesitation at all, she leaned back over the railing and did just that . . . and it was a long, deep, lingering kiss followed immediately by another even better one.

George gets a big thumbs-up approval from his biker-buddies, the onlookers, and even the State Trooper, and then says, "Wow! That was the best kiss I have ever had! That's a real talent you're wasting there, Sugar Shorts. You could be famous if you rode with me. Why are you committing suicide?"

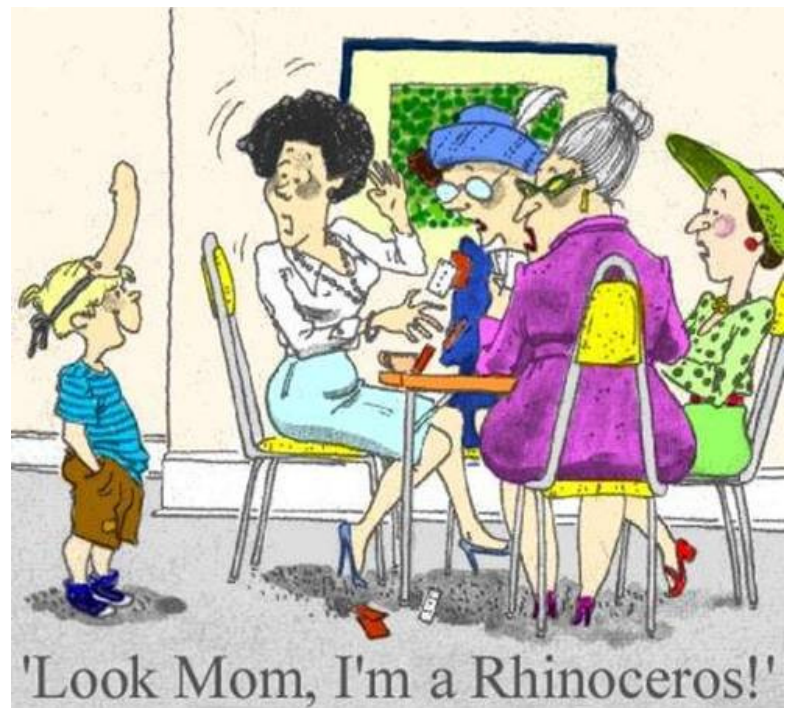
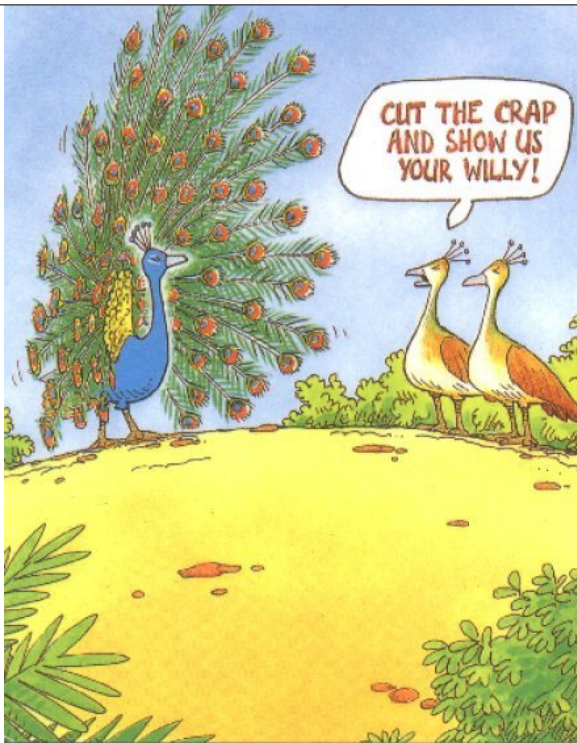
"My parents don't like me dressing up like a girl."

It's still unclear whether she jumped or was pushed?



## The Balance of Nature

<http://www.UnlikelyStories.com> (c) 2000 Michael P. Stype



**The final T Shirt**



Walking into the bar, Mike said to Charlie the bartender, 'Pour me a stiff one - just had another fight with the little woman.'

'Oh yeah?' said Charlie, 'And how did this one end?'

'When it was over,' Mike replied, 'She came to me on her hands and knees.'

'Really,' said Charles, 'Now that's a switch! What did she say?'

She said, 'Come out from under the bed, you little chicken.'